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SPRING.

When winter's howling blast,

With its icy fingers,

Has frozen the rills,

And the snows are piled,

On the bare, cold hills,

And the winds are wild,

And the clouds are gray,

And the sun is dim,

And the moon is pale,

And the stars are few,

And the night is long,

And the day is short,

And the heart is sad,

And the soul is lone,

And the world is dreary,

And the future is dim,

And the past is dead,

And the present is sad,

And the heart is sore,

And the soul is torn,

And the world is dark,

And the future is black,

And the past is black,

And the present is black,

And the heart is black,

And the soul is black,

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A Half Married Yankee.

During one of my rambles down Royal-

street, a few days ago, my attention

was attracted to a very beautiful young

lady, dressed in the fashion of the

opposite side. While her attention

was directed to some object in the

street, she came in contact with a fine

looking Yankee, who stood about six

feet from her. In order to give

her the right of way, he stepped obliquely

to the right, and in doing so, he

left foot caught his and threw her down

in the gutter where the mud and water

was about six inches deep. The six-footer

then set about relieving the young lady from

the unfortunate predicament in which she

was placed. After rolling her out of the gutter,

he raised her upon his feet, when he

ventured to say to her, "My dear Miss,

have you in your pocket the fall you

to which she replied with a smile, "No,

she." He then took out his white pocket

handkerchief, with which he endeavored

to wipe off some of the mud and water

from her dress and pretty face and hands.

When the usual apologies had been made

on both sides, for the present mishap,

the Yankee picked up her parasol and a

small bundle, which had been partially broken

by the fall, containing sundry articles, and

left them down on the side-walk; after

which he expressed a wish to get her a

carriage, and to see her home to her

parents, as she might have a long distance to go.

The lady started to him that she had

Customs, and that she was not at home.

and would accept of his kind offer. The carriage

was sent for, and when it arrived the young

lady was placed in it, and the Yankee, af-

ter having got her consent, took a seat by

her side, to see her home. During the ride

to her residence, he inquired of her if she

had a father and mother. She replied that

she had a mother only. He next asked her

if she had any brothers and sisters. She

replied that she was not aware of it, if she

had, and that her father was very rich when

she came to this city, about ten years ago.

"Says the Yankee, 'Might I ask you,

Miss, how rich was your father at the time

of his death?'"

"He has been dead about six months;

just before he died he was saying to my

mother he was worth in cash \$70,000."

"She here interrupted the conversation,

by informing him that she was then at home,

and that he was ordered to stop. It was in

front of a three-story brick house. The

driver was requested to dismount from his

seat and ring the bell. The summons being

the servant to the door, when the fine Yan-

kee gallant got out of the carriage, and as-

sisted the lady out into the house. He re-

plies to her that she must excuse him then, as

he had some very urgent business to trans-

act at that hour, and by permission, would re-

turn again in the evening—after which, for

the first time, he inquired if he should have

the pleasure of knowing by what name he

could address her. Says she, with a gentle

smile, "My name is Maria."

He then takes his leave of her with a gen-

tle squeeze of the fair one's hand, and

makes light steps to his office in Cam-

bridge, thinking over the good and bad

hours, and no doubt congratulating himself

that the one more than balanced the other,

as \$70,000 was not to be reckoned out of

the gutter every day, as well as a lovely

girl of seventeen, and to all appearance

having all the accomplishments of a young

lady of that age. While pondering over

the affairs of the day, night set in, and

the Yankee prepares himself to pay the

evening visit, according to promise. He closes

his eyes, and his way to his unfortunate

A Capital Anecdote.

The following anecdote from the New

Hampshire Telegraph is too good to be

lost. Many years ago there was in the

part of Massachusetts a worthy old D. D.,

and although he was an entirely benevo-

lent man and a good Christian, yet, it must

be confessed that he loved a good much bet-

ter than even the most immoderate jokers—

it was before church organs, were much in

use. It so happened that the choir of the

church had recently purchased a double bass

viola. Not far from the church was a large

pasture, and in it a huge town bull.

One Sabbath in the summer he got out of

the pasture, and came bellowing up the

street. About the church there was plenty of

troubled grass, green and good, and Mr.

Bull stopped to try the quality, perceiving

to ascertain if his location was the best

for him. At any rate, he was in the

middle of his meal when the

doctor passed, and with a grave face said:

"I would think the musicians not to tune

their instruments during service time; if an-

ny one very much."

The people started, and the minister went

on.

"Bee-woo-woo went the bull again, as he

passed another green spot."

The people started again, and he ad-

ressed the choir:

"I really wish the singers would not tune

their instruments while I am preaching, as I

remembered before, for it annoys me very

much."

The people started, for they knew as well

as any one what the real state of the case